

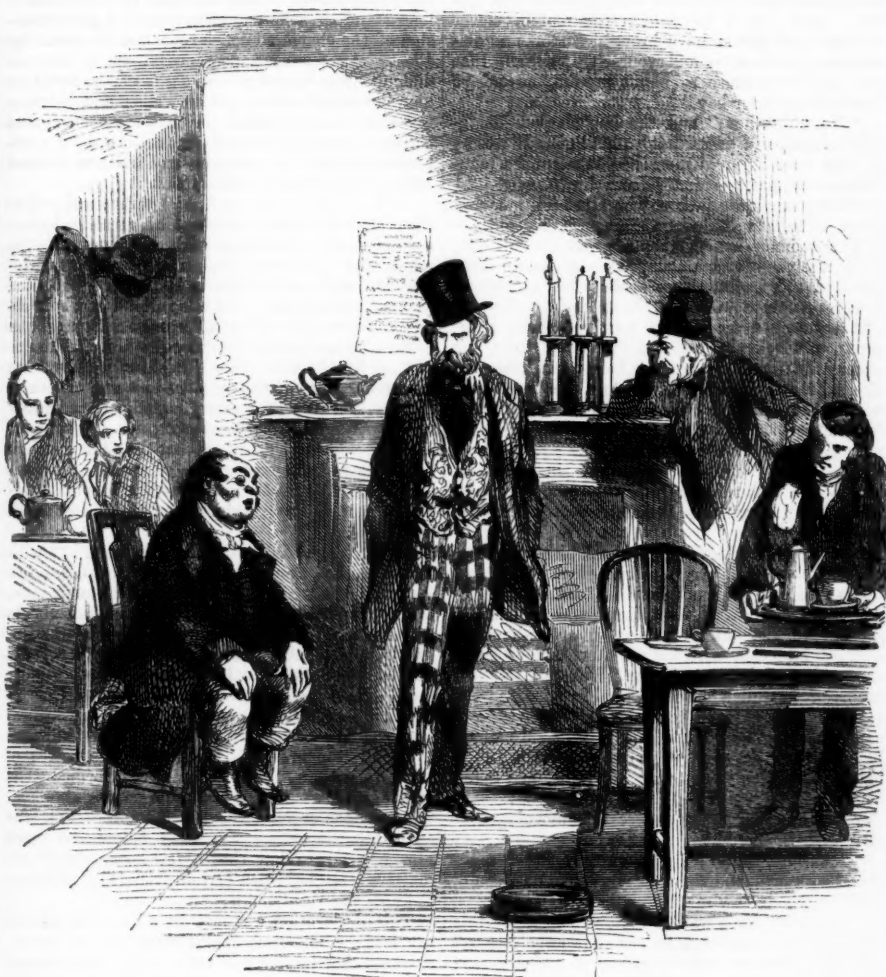
# THE LEISURE HOUR.

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COFFEE-ROOM SCENE IN THE FLEET PRISON.

## STRUGGLES IN LIFE.

## CHAPTER IV.

MEETING BETWEEN BASIL AND HIS RUINED FATHER.

"I COULDN'T stop at the Elms, father, after I had your letter, yesterday morning. Mr. Lester  
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wished me to stop; he said I could do no good, but I couldn't bear to know you were in trouble and not be near you. Did I do right, father? Say I did right to come."

"Right, Basil; right, my dear son."

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"So," continued Basil Marsden, "I took the first coach, and got home last night late; and then—and then—they told me more than was in your letter."

"Who told you, Basil?"

"The men in the house, father: they told me you were here, and that they were put in charge of—oh, father, is it true?"

"True, dear boy, that I am ruined—beggared. Yes, quite true, I fear."

"How can it be, father? I do not understand it. I thought—"

"I do not understand it myself, my dear boy. I only know that I have been weak and indolent and credulous; that I have been the tool of clever rogues; and that I have brought sorrow and distress on your sisters and yourself, Basil, and that you will have cause to blame my folly as long as you live, my poor boy."

"No, no, father;" and the boy clasped his father's hand, and pressed it to his lips. Big-tears fell fast upon it; and then the youth rubbed manfully away the remainder from his cheeks. "I won't cry any more, father; you must tell me what I can do to help you now I am come," he said.

The room in which they sat was a small den, with wretched accommodations. A stump bedstead, a sofa bedstead, an apology for a chair or two, a broken table, a hand-basin, a jug of water and a towel, a trunk and a carpet-bag, a rusty grate, a blackened ceiling, and walls not over clean; the inventory is not a long one. That was all—all that could be seen through the dim glazed window, the upper sash of which was let down a few inches to admit air. Mr. Rooker, the present proprietor of number 10, was absent; he was one of the players down below; so Mr. Marsden, who had been chummed on him only yesterday, and Basil had the room to themselves, which was a comfort.

Mr. Marsden's countenance exhibited signs of distress, though he strove to hide them. The blow had so suddenly fallen upon him, that he was bewildered also. Writ, execution, arrest, a hurried journey to London, a day in a sponging-house, a hurried interview with his solicitor, a night and a day and a night again in the Fleet; all this had occurred in quick succession. He mastered his emotions, however, better than might have been expected, considering the dismal gulf into which he seemed to be plunged, with no certain knowledge of aught else but that his riches had taken to themselves wings and flown away.

"But how did you get here this morning, Basil?"

"I walked, father; I got up early, for I could not sleep much, and came away as soon as I could, before anybody saw me."

"And you have walked fifteen long miles this morning, my poor boy, to see your silly father," said Mr. Marsden, with a feeling of self-remorse; "and if the truth were known, you have had no breakfast, either."

"I could not eat, father. I felt as if the first mouthful would choke me; but I am better now I have seen you."

"We must not let ourselves be cast down with overmuch sorrow, Basil," said the father, rousing himself; "if we faint in the day of adversity, our

strength is small. Here begin your STRUGGLES IN LIFE, my son; God help you! and he will help you if you trust in him, and your sisters too, poor girls! But they do not know what has happened, and they need not know it yet, till we know more about it ourselves; so I must think of you first. You must have some breakfast, that is certain—I have not had mine yet—and then we can talk about our plans. Come with me, Basil, and forget, for a little while, that you are in a prison."

Quitting number 10, and pacing onward to the end of the gallery, Mr. Marsden and his son arrived at a pair of rooms occupied by a prisoner of long standing, who had entered into legal possession of the chartered coffee-room and tavern of the Fleet. As far as appearances went, it was not difficult for a novice to lose sight of the fact that he was inclosed within prison walls; and ordering tea and its accessories, which were soon spread before them on a clean damask cloth, by a neat-handed waiter, the prisoner and his son entered the parlour of that establishment.

It was not quite void of guests; and while Basil almost silently swallowed his meal, he looked around him. Standing with his back to the empty fire-place was a tall man of dashing exterior, and with lines of dissipation deeply indented on his countenance. He was in loud and boisterous conversation with a little man with a silken voice, who addressed him at every third sentence as "my lord," and "your lordship." They were discussing the merits of a recent steeplechase; and my lord (one of a class, happily, increasingly rare) was incontinently abusing the "villanous" creditor who had deprived that dazzling event of his presence and countenance; for which his lordship declared that the said creditor should thereafter smart, in the withdrawal of his lordship's patronage.

Not greatly edified by this discourse, but with his curiosity aroused, Basil turned to another corner of the coffee-room, where sat a young man, in moody silence, tapping the toes of his boots with a light, elastic, silver-mounted walking switch. His hat, pulled over his brow, partially shaded a face which could scarcely have seen many more than twenty summers; and every article of his attire proclaimed its wearer to be a youth of fashion. The scene was probably as new to him as to Basil; for presently, attracting the notice of my lord's companion, he sulkily informed that gentleman that his incarceration dated only from the previous evening; and that, moreover, it was owing to the malice of a dirty fellow who owed him a grudge; but that a few hours would set matters straight, when certain friends of his came to know the rights of it.

This declaration was met by a loud laugh from my lord; who, after apologising for his mirth, declared that he never knew a young bird, caught and caged for the first time, who did not sing the same song.

The "young bird" seemed inclined to resent the rudeness of my lord's remark; but the title perhaps dazzled or daunted him; and a few inquiries from his lordship meeting a satisfactory response, so far as to convince the questioner that he might hold further communication with the

questioned without contamination to his rank and station in the outer world, he invited the youth to walk with him "round the premises."

For a few minutes the Marsdens were left by themselves; and then entered, as though for refuge, a young couple who, seating themselves on the bench the young sprig of fashion had just quitted, commenced, in a low voice, an earnest conversation.

The young man, who was in decent attire, seemed about three or four and twenty years of age, and was pale and anxious; his wife—for his companion, as Basil afterwards found, laid claim to that title—might be near upon the same age, but she looked younger. She was wan and sad, and her face, a very interesting one, Basil thought, showed, by trembling lips and tearful eyes, how she felt her young husband's degradation and sorrow. But she smiled kindly and lovingly upon him, and Basil could well believe that the words she whispered were words of affection, encouragement, and hope. She was neatly and respectably dressed, and in her arms, wrapped in a little mantle, lay a sleeping infant.

His curiosity was rude, Basil knew; and he withdrew his eyes blushing, when, by accident, they met those of the young wife. He did not raise them again till a faint infantine cry involuntarily attracted them; and then he saw that the mother had shifted her little burden into the father's arms, and that the baby was awake. For the moment the young husband appeared to lose sight of his misfortunes, as he chirruped to the infant, and turned its cry into a laugh.

The elder Marsden, meanwhile, had been absorbed in his own reflections, except when he roused himself to urge his boy to eat heartily after his long walk. The infant's cry woke him from his reverie; and for the first time, he perceived that the room had other occupants besides himself and Basil. We have said elsewhere that Mr. Leonard Marsden, though constitutionally and habitually indolent and retiring, had a good share of benevolence. The sight of the young parent and child attracted his sympathy; and shaking off his reserve, he drew near to the strangers.

"This is the pleasantest scene I have witnessed in this gloomy place," he said, kindly. "May I be permitted to see your little treasure?" and, emboldened by the young mother's embarrassed smile, he gently drew aside the pretty hood which shaded the baby's face.

Children, even in infancy, have an instinctive perception of kind and loving hearts. Beauty, to them, is more than skin deep. The baby smiled; nay it laughed, it absolutely crowed, it kicked out its little fat legs and arms, as Mr. Leonard Marsden pressed his finger gently on its dimpled cheek.

"A pretty child, and a sensible," said he, pleased with the transitory pleasure he gave;—"a boy or a girl, my dear madam? and what age may it be?"

"A girl, sir," replied the gratified young mother; "and not quite six months old."

"Quite a prodigy, I am sure," said Mr. Marsden—and he meant it too; and without further ado, he had taken the child from its father's arms, and was dandling it in his own.

## CHAPTER V.

VISIT FROM THE SOLICITOR'S CLERK.—BASIL OBTAINS TEMPORARY LODGINGS.

"GLAD to see you so pleasantly employed, Mr. Marsden. Ah, Mr. Harebell, I was looking for you, also. Mrs. Harebell, how do you do?"

These words proceeded from an elderly man in a brown coat, particularly worn and shiny about the elbows and wrists. He had a suspiciously red face, but not a plump one by any means; he was partially bald; and he carried in his ungloved hand, a blue bag.

Mr. Marsden started at the sound of the voice, and hastily turning round found himself confronted by the clerk of his solicitor. Restoring, with some confusion, the infant to its mother, and observing that Mr. Reed had taken him unawares, he inquired the purport of his visit.

"Only a small matter of business, Mr. Marsden, a mere form. I have brought a paper or two for you to sign; that's all, sir;" and the clerk thrust his hand into his blue bag. "You need not go away, Mr. Harebell, if Mr. Marsden will excuse us; our business will be soon over. A client of ours, Mr. Marsden," he explained, meaning the young husband; and added, in a lower tone, "a very respectable young man too, I assure you."

It was all a matter-of-course work to the lawyer's clerk. In his time, he had served or issued innumerable writs, and had managed the affairs of scores of insolvents: it was all in the way of his practice, and he had a business-like manner about him, devoid of human sympathy, as it seemed, from which Mr. Marsden recoiled.

With cool unconcern, then, Mr. Reed handed to his employer's client the papers he had brought with him to be signed. And with cool indifference, also, he gave the client to understand that no hopeful turn of affairs could be looked for which should shorten the term of his captivity within a certain number of weeks which must intervene before he could pass the dreaded court; while all beyond was at present a blank. Meanwhile, Mr. Thornburn would conduct the unfortunate business with a due regard to his client's interests.

"I must submit to the consequences of my own egregious folly," sighed Mr. Marsden; "but there are two trivial matters in which I must beg your assistance, Mr. Reed, or, at least, your advice. The first is about my poor boy, who travelled fifty miles yesterday, and has walked from Willow-lodge this morning, to be with me, and I have not the courage to refuse him this melancholy pleasure; but he must get a lodging outside the prison."

"This is easily accomplished, Mr. Marsden," said the lawyer's clerk, in a kindly-cheerful tone which made its way directly to the father's heart—he is not so very unfeeling, after all, thought Mr. Marsden—"easily accomplished, sir; if you will trust me with this little business, I will undertake it with great pleasure. I honour your son, Mr. Marsden, for his loving heart; I have children of my own. And the other little matter, sir?"

"Is more personal, Mr. Reed. You say I must make up my mind to some weeks' imprisonment"—Mr. Marsden slightly shivered as he spoke the

word—"and I trust I have fortitude enough to bear it; but, if some other arrangement could be made, I should be thankful. The wretched, profligate men in whose room I am compelled to lodge—"

"I see, sir; I know. It must be very trying to a gentlemen of character and sensibility; but I think that can be managed also. It would be easy to hire a room, sir, of some prisoner who has been here long enough to have earned the privilege of a room to himself; and you might have it furnished, too, as nicely as you please; but it would come very expensive, sir. Here is Harebell, however," and Mr. Reed spoke in a low tone, "has made the same complaint about his accommodations. He is a respectable man, sir; quiet, gentlemanly, though a tradesman, and a religious man as well. He has not been kindly treated by an uncle who lent him money to set him up in business, a year or two ago, and now sues him for the borrowed cash, which, of course, Harebell cannot pay all at once. He got married on the strength of his business, too, which was foolish enough, perhaps, so young as he is. However, he must stay here till we can pass him through the court; and you can hire a room jointly, which will be convenient for you both. I will arrange it with Harebell, if you like."

Mr. Marsden assented.

"And then, as to your son," continued the clerk, "why, you can't do better than get a lodging for him at Harebell's—a small shop in the Strand, sir—but neat and respectable; and his little wife carries on the business at present. I will speak to them about that, also, if you please."

Mr. Marsden could suggest nothing better; and, being introduced to the Harebells, the arrangement was made, and Mr. Marsden's mind was relieved of a small part of its burden.

"We provide dinner at three o'clock, sir," said the waiter, when Mr. Marsden was leaving the coffee-room; "a small ordinary, sir—very respectable—quite a gentlemanly party always—eighteenpence a head only."

"We must dine somewhere and somehow, Basil;" and promising their custom to the prison *table d'hôte*, the Marsdens walked to and fro in the gallery, first silently, and then in low-voiced and broken but earnest conversation.

#### CHAPTER VI.

THE SON TURNS COMFORTER.—A DINNER IN THE FLEET.—  
A NOVEL OCCUPATION FOR BASIL.

THE Fleet prison was pulled down years ago, and the laws relating to imprisonment for debt have undergone some changes since the days of which we write, when fraudulent debtors found refuge in that and similar sanctuaries, whence they might laugh their victimized creditors to scorn; and when the spirits of the honest-intentioned but unsuccessful were crushed by deprivation of liberty and motive for strenuous effort, by loss of self-respect, and by compelled association, or at all events juxta-position, with boastful profligacy. Let us hope that the change has been for the better; there are those who believe it can scarcely have been for the worse.

The prison, as we have seen, had no lack of occupants, and if the Marsdens—father and son

—could have dismissed from their minds all thought of the distress which had so suddenly fallen on them and theirs, and of the dark, gloomy cloud which hung over the future—if they had been merely spectators of the strange scenes which were opening before them, and not, in some measure, actors in those scenes, they might indeed have observed much to pain, but something also to amuse and something to instruct them.

For a time, then, they wandered through the galleries of the prison and around its precincts, as we have said, in earnest conversation; but Basil was the chief speaker. He strove to raise his father's spirits; was it not for this that he had sought and found him? He succeeded, too; for he talked bravely and hopefully of the rough path which lay before them, and of what he would do, God helping him, to lighten his father's cares. He would, as soon as his father could spare him, search London through till he could find a situation. It mightn't be a profitable one at first, perhaps it wouldn't; but he would be industrious, persevering, and patient, and in a few years—ah, who could tell what might not be in a few years' time. Say the worst, say that dear old Willow-lodge must be sold, and they leave it, and that they must come to London, to live for a time in lodgings perhaps, they would not leave their love behind them; oh, no! and dear little Minnie and Ellen, they would leave school of course, and learn to be useful at home, wherever that home might be, and they should all live together; and what pleasant evenings they would have when he, Basil, returned from work, with love and hope to cheer them all on and on! And Willow-lodge; who could tell but in a few years it might be their father's again? who could tell, ah, who could tell?

And so the time passed away in these communings till a clock struck three; and then, remembering their dinner engagement, the prisoner and his son turned towards the coffee-room, stopping at Mr. Rooker's apartment by the way to wash their hands. That gentleman was yet absent, to the great relief of Basil, who had throughout the whole morning made unavailing efforts to divest his mind of one burden. It must be done now.

"Father," he said hurriedly, "I shall not want this now, you know," and looking aside, to hide a tear or two which, in spite of his determination to be a man, would not be restrained, he slipped a little purse into his father's hand. "It is what is left, father, of the money you gave me when I left home. I am sorry I have spent so much of it in travelling; but it will not be of any use to me now. Will you be so good as to keep it?"

The company was assembled when the Marsdens entered the extempore dining room; and a new phase in prison life presented itself. Hitherto, Mr. Marsden had seen but little around him that was not simply disgusting and depressing. Now, to his surprise, he found himself one of a well-ordered social dinner party, the component individuals of which—numbering about twelve—were marked by a quiet gentlemanly manner and costume which would have qualified them for good society in the outer world. The dinner had been cooked with skill, and was served with cleanliness and taste; and, by some understanding, perhaps,



with the prisoners who dined in their own rooms or elsewhere, the coffee-room company was uninterrupted from the serving up of the first course to the removal of the cloth.

An elderly gentleman, grey-headed and feeble, but brisk and polite, presided at the table, and while carving the lamb—for we are enabled to state that a quarter of lamb was the joint before him—he gave a turn and a tone to the conversation of the table, touching lightly upon politics, but largely discussing questions of literature and science, on which subjects he spoke with fluency and enthusiasm. At his left hand was seated a young man of prepossessing countenance, who was introduced as his son, and a visitor; and on his right, under the protection of a gentleman of middle age, was a young female, scarcely past girlhood, to whom the assembled guests showed marked respect and honour. Nor was she unworthy of this homage. Slightly embarrassed, probably with the peculiarity of her position, and shrinking from notice while looking up for countenance and support to her father—for the guest by whom she sat claimed that relationship—she was far removed from awkwardness and confusion. With wonder and strong compassion, Basil Marsden glanced at this apparition of loveliness and gentle grace; and, through the dinner hour, his attention was divided between her and the parent for whose sake, and to comfort whom, as it seemed, she had entered a place so little congenial to her youth, her sex, and the accomplishments with which our young hero had already, in his imagination, liberally endowed her. An incident in the conversation partially explained the presence of the gentle guest, and introduced her name.

"You have lost your amanuensis, Mr. Douglas," said the president, turning to the father; "but if this young lady stands as substitute, we may congratulate ourselves on your disappointment."

"It will not do though," replied Mr. Douglas, gravely, and speaking in a slightly Scottish accent; "I was compelled to detain Rosa to-day, but we must not make a prison rose of her. Besides, she is needed at home; and I must look for assistance elsewhere."

"I am afraid you will not find it easy to obtain assistance, within the walls, at any rate, Mr. Douglas."

"You are right, sir," said the other, hastily, and rather bitterly. "One would have thought, too, that there might have been no difficulty; but the Fleet seems to be a place dedicated to idleness. I have advertised my want, sir, pretty widely; but have only been laughed at for my pains. There is a fellow, now, who has not, to my certain knowledge, a shilling more than he gets from day to day by the hard earnings of his wife, and who is lounging with his hands in his pockets from morning to night in the court below; and I was foolish enough to fancy he might be glad to earn a few shillings; but he didn't think it worth while, he said; he should soon be going out, and he could not settle to work; it wasn't what he came to the Fleet for, it wasn't, said he."

"Ay, to be sure," replied the aged president, smiling; "and so say they all, with here and there an exception, as in your case and a few others—the present company being always excepted," he

added, politely bowing. "It is fifteen years," he resumed, in a graver, sadder tone, "since I entered the place; and I have almost universally observed that men who are industrious fellows enough anywhere else seem to lose all motive for exertion, once within the walls. It is natural. All have some affairs of their own to attend to at first; for the most part, they expect, like your friend, to be soon 'going out,' and if they are disappointed, when the novelty of their situation is gone they sink into dreamy indolence or downright carelessness. I wish I could help you, Mr. Douglas, for, as you say, you must not make a prison rose of Miss Douglas, much as her presence would lighten our solitude."

"What is it you require, sir?" asked a guest across the table.

"Some person who can write a good legible hand," said Mr. Douglas, "and would sit in my room about six hours a-day copying my wretched scrawls, or occasionally writing from my dictation."

"And the terms, sir?"

"Would depend on the amount of work done," said Mr. Douglas; "they would be as liberal as a poor author could make them."

The inquirer probably thought that the uncertain remuneration a poor author could offer for six hours' daily drudgery was too indefinite for further notice, for he vouchsafed no rejoinder, and conversation was turned into another channel. Shortly afterwards the cloth was removed, and the party was dispersed, with the exception of the president and two or three others, who ordered wine and biscuits!

The Marsdens were slowly retiring when they were overtaken by Mr. Douglas and his daughter.

"Say yes, father," whispered Basil.

"As you please, my boy," replied Mr. Marsden, irresolutely, and the next moment Basil was at Mr. Douglas's elbow.

"Could I be of any assistance to you, sir?" he stammered.

"In what way, my lad? oh, I see; you heard what passed at the dinner table. I should not wonder if you could; but you are not a—a resident here?"

"His father is, unhappily, sir," interposed Mr. Marsden, "and as the boy seems determined to keep by me, for the present, it might be doing him a kindness to set him to work; at least," he added, "if it be such as I can approve."

"You shall judge for yourself, sir," said Mr. Douglas. "If you will look into my room I will explain;" and, leading the way up a second flight of stone stairs to a higher gallery, he opened a door and invited his guests to enter. Ah! what a blessing is a good son.

## A CHAPTER OF CONTEMPORARY HISTORY.

### THE DISASTROUS RETREAT OF CABUL.

WHILST the daily papers are teeming with the harrowing details of the battle on the Alma,\* and the people of England and France are enthusiastic at the success of the allies in that very dearly-purchased victory, it would be well for

\* This paper, it will be perceived, was written before the siege of Sebastopol had taken place. The national mind has since received lessons enough to teach it humiliation and dependence.

them to remember the Arm alone that can gain the victory, and to render thanksgiving and praise only where it is due. A little humiliation is always good, and it would be well to temper the country's rejoicings with this, especially when victories are purchased at so terrible a loss of life. As a contrast to the Alma, therefore, we cannot do better than take a brief survey of the Cabul disasters—a painfully instructive chapter in contemporary history.

Nearly twenty years ago, that is, in 1835, Lord Auckland arrived at Calcutta, as governor-general of India, and soon after his arrival the country of the Afghans began to excite interest and attention. Dost Mahomed at that period held supreme sway at Cabul, whilst Runjeet Singh was sovereign at Lahore. Between these two potentates bickerings and jealousies existed, and the Indian government, fearing that the empire of British India was precariously situated, owing to the intrigues of Russia and Persia with Afghanistan, dispatched on a mission, avowedly "commercial," but which soon became political, captain (afterwards sir Alexander) Burnes. On the 20th September, 1837, the envoy reached Cabul; but it would appear that he had not been invested with proper authority to treat successfully. However this may be, one thing is certain, that a Russian envoy succeeded in duping Dost Mahomed by promises foreign to the intentions of his government, whilst that government, the easier to annul any expectations, at once repudiated the authority of their envoy, and represented him to Dost Mahomed in the light of an impostor. Whether this was really the case or not, it is impossible to discover, but from the notoriety of Russian duplicity one is inclined to think that the whole was a shameful political ruse. This Russian diplomacy, however, ended most disastrously for ourselves, for captain Burnes left Cabul in April, 1838, and visiting Runjeet Singh on his way back, afterwards repaired to Simlah, to meet the governor-general. Here it was resolved to assist Runjeet Singh against Dost Mahomed, on the plea that the latter had acted treacherously, though in what manner it is difficult to discover. Prior to this decision, Mr. Macnaghten, the envoy at the court of Runjeet Singh, had promised that sovereign the assistance of the British army to enable him to get possession of Dost Mahomed's territories, against whom a proclamation of war was issued on the 1st October, 1838. These hostilities were undertaken on the pretext of restoring to the Afghan throne, shah Soojah, who had been for many years deposed, and was living in banishment. Sir Henry Fane was at the time commander-in-chief of India, with an army of 203,000 men at his disposal.

No sooner had the British troops commenced their march, than Runjeet Singh gave evidence of falsity by revoking the stipulations of the treaty he had just concluded. Accordingly, the British troops rendezvoused at Shikarpoor in Scinde, intending to advance by the Bolan pass, Quettah, and Candahar. By December the Bengal army mustered 9500 strong, and was stationed at Ferozepoor, fifty miles distant from Lahore. The Bombay column of 5500 men was expected to advance, under sir John Keane, through Scinde, the Ameers of which country offered to supply the troops with all necessaries, whilst Soojah's

contingent was 6000 strong. Meanwhile sir Henry Fane fell ill and resigned, leaving sir Willoughby Cotton in temporary command till such time as the force under sir John Keane should arrive.

Runjeet Singh and the Sikhs failed in their promised succour, so that the Bengal army, with 38,000 camp followers, all on half rations, reached Dadur, at the mouth of the Bolan pass, after traversing the broad desert that intervened. This pass is sixty miles in length, tortuous, rugged, and flanked by high rocks, besides being infested by wild Beloochee tribes, who subsist almost entirely by rapine and plunder. On the 26th of March, however, the forces reached Quettah, in the fertile plains of Shawl, their greatest losses having arisen from the extremely precipitous and rugged nature of the pass, which destroyed an amazing number of camels and horses. Great, too, was the disappointment and disgust of the English commander to find that even here no provision had been made against their arrival, and that all negotiations for food or provender were worse than useless. In a state bordering upon famine they marched 150 miles, reaching Candahar on the 25th April, after a trajet of upwards of one thousand miles.

On the 4th of May the Bombay column joined the Bengal troops, by which time the camp followers had dwindled away to 29,000, whilst the available force for the field was only 10,400 fighting men. On the 1st July these forces were marching towards Ghuznee, a distance of 230 miles, the troops being on half rations, whilst the wretched camp followers were each reduced to a quarter ration—a state of starvation fearfully assimilated to downright famine.

On the 21st of the same month, the army encamped under the walls of Ghuznee, which was much better fortified than the English expected to find it, having had all the city gates walled up, excepting only the one upon the high road to Cabul. This fact alone was significant of the kind of resistance the British troops might expect to meet with; for the city once invested, escape there was none, save by the solitary gate on the Cabul side.

The British troops did not long remain inactive. The day after their arrival 300lbs of gunpowder, in twelve bags, piled under the solitary entrance gate, were blown up with a terrific explosion, leaving a wide breach through which the storming parties entered; and after a desperate struggle, undisputed possession was obtained of the city by five o'clock in the morning. The governor, a son of Dost Mahomed, surrendered himself prisoner, and was placed under the charge of Burnes, who had already been knighted for his services.

Success and victory seemed for awhile to wait upon the small but valiant British force, for on the 30th of July another son of Dost Mahomed fled from Jellalabad to Cabul (leaving the former city in the hands of the English), besides being compelled to abandon all his artillery, camp equipage, horses, bullocks, and 7000 rounds of ball-cartridge.

Dost Mahomed also fled on the approach of the British with 600 horsemen beyond the Oxus, so that shah Soojah entered Cabul on the 7th of August, accompanied by all the British officers,

and meeting with no symptoms of opposition. The people were quiet and respectful; but there was no voice of welcome or note of enthusiasm. Everything was cold and cheerless, and seemed to forebode evil to the invaders of their quiet and the destroyers of their policy.

This entry led the authorities to presume that the conquest was complete. The Bombay column accordingly quitted Cabul on the 18th of September, and the Bengal contingent on the 20th of October, although a considerable force of European and native infantry, besides the shah's forces, were still left to keep Soojah firmly seated on his throne. Sir John Keane came to England, and was raised to the peerage for his services, whilst in India Macnaghten had been knighted, and left as envoy extraordinary at Cabul, with sir Alexander Burnes as his head assistant.

So soon as the spring of 1840, symptoms of discontent and hatred began to evince themselves. British outposts were continually being attacked and interrupted; and as summer advanced, these disturbances not only became of more frequent occurrence, but they assumed a bolder and more determined aspect. Dost Mahomed, who had been imprisoned by the khan of Bokhara, succeeded in effecting his escape, and, at the head of a considerable force, now openly showed himself upon the Hindoo Koosh. His troops were all Oosbegs, fierce, desperate, hardy fellows; but this time he was not suffered to carry out his purpose, he being signally defeated in an engagement which took place at Kamurd, near Bamean, although only to reappear in Kohistan, where he was speedily joined by the most influential chiefs, all of whom were thoroughly discontented with shah Soojah, who had levied the most exorbitant taxes, and thereby incurred their animosity.

On the 2nd of November, Dost Mahomed fought the battle of Purwandurrah—that disastrous fight, to the Anglo-Indian army, which was only the first of a long string of calamities, and when the British cavalry were driven under shelter of their own guns by a handful of valiant Afghans.

Dost Mahomed, far from being foolishly elated by a casual victory, and apparently possessed of much sound sense and good judgment, deemed the moment of his triumph the most opportune occasion to throw himself, with every display of sincerity, upon the protection of his enemies. Accordingly, on the 3rd of November, when sir W. Macnaghten was returning from his evening ride, suddenly Dost Mahomed galloped up to his side, and dismounting, he gave up his sword to the English envoy, claiming at the same time, as the right of a valiant foe, British protection. He had ridden sixty miles from the battle-field at Purwandurrah, and on the 12th of November he was sent up under strong escort to Mussoorie, on the British north-western frontier, where the government allotted him two lacs of rupees as revenue.

But this was only a species of interlude in the great tragedy about to be enacted; for revolts and civil discord continued. Major Pottinger (since sir Henry) warned Macnaghten of the perilous position of the British in Afghanistan so early as May, 1841, of the insufficiency of force in several cantonments, and of the unprotected nature of the

cantonments themselves; but both Macnaghten and Burnes treated lightly the representations of this officer. So the mischief progressed without one effort to check its spread.

By September the neighbourhood of this very city where we were now securely seated swarmed with predatory bands of cut-throats. It was on the 2nd of November, however, that the first daring act of villany was perpetrated; for on that day the house of sir Alexander Burnes was set in flames; himself, his brother, and every other inmate, being massacred in the confusion that ensued.

This sanguinary act paralysed the power and courage of the British. General Elphinstone, the commandant, was too ill and too nervous to take those energetic steps so requisite in such an emergency. All was agitation and disorder in the cantonments. On the 23rd of December, sir William Macnaghten fell a victim to the deceit and villany of Akbar Khan. Three days afterwards a council of war was held, and a treaty ratified with the murderer, depending on whose already polluted faith the English agreed to pay 14 lacs of rupees, negotiated on the spot by Hindoo bankers, whilst the ruffianly Akbar promised to escort their forces first to Peshawur, and ultimately to Jellalabad.

On the 6th of January, 1842, commenced that retreat which, without a solitary parallel, was the most disastrous ever recorded of the British army. On the 8th, major Pottinger, captains Lawrence and Mackenzie were delivered as hostages to Akbar Khan, for the evacuation of Jellalabad by general Sale, and the army entered a pass five miles in length, known as the Koord Cabul pass, where they were shut in on either side by a line of lofty hills, whilst torrents dashed down the centre and over the most frozen portions. It was here that the famishing remnant of our forces were shot down by the treacherous foe. It was here too that lady Sale, herself wounded in the arm, had the terrible affliction of seeing her son-in-law mortally wounded. On the 9th of the month, the married officers, with their wives and children, were given up to Akbar Khan. On the 10th, the army made its way through the Dark Pass, with immense loss, though it was only fifty yards long, and in the Tezeen pass they were equally unfortunate. On the 11th, Akbar Khan managed to secure general Elphinstone and two other officers. On the 12th the army reached Jugdulluk pass, two miles long, narrow, precipitous, and closed up with barriers of prickly hollyoak; and on the 13th, the final massacre took place, when only twenty muskets were left. Captain Souter and seven men were here taken prisoners. Dr. Brydon reached Jellalabad with just life enough to recount the terrible disasters of this retreat, in which it is calculated that, from cold or the murderous attacks of the Afghans, upwards of 26,000, including camp followers, women and children, miserably perished.

General Sale still held Jellalabad; Nott maintained himself in Candahar; and colonel Palmer for some time, with a handful of troops, resisted an overwhelming force of the Afghans. He was, however, eventually overcome; but though earthquakes rent the miserable mud walls of Jellalabad, Akbar Khan could neither wrench it from the



British, nor prevent Sale's foraging parties from supplying the garrison with provisions.

In February, 1842, lord Ellenborough assumed the governor-generalship of India, and the stout hearts of the brave few that held the fortress of Jellalabad received additional vigour and courage by the promise of speedy assistance from headquarters. Colonel Wild was attempting to force his way through the Kyber pass, whilst general Pollock was crossing the Punjab with a fresh army from India. This latter succeeded in forcing the Kyber pass, and reached Jellalabad on the 16th of April, when the beleaguering army had taken to flight, and was dispersed and scattered on all sides. General Nott, on receiving supplies at Candahar, was enabled to co-operate with general Pollock, and the two made an advance upon Cabul. At that period, shah Soojah had managed to hold a position in Balla Hissar; but he fell a victim to intrigue, was assassinated, and his youngest son, though not without opposition, was proclaimed king in his stead.

Meanwhile, on the 17th of January, twenty-nine British officers, nine ladies, and fourteen children, besides seventeen European soldiers, two European women, and one child—all prisoners—reached the fort of Budeeabad, where they remained till the 10th of April, when they were carried back to a fort at Tezeen. Lady Macnaghten lost on this occasion property to the amount of 15,000*l.* sterling, which was stolen from her by her Afghan escort. Here general Elphinstone died, and his body was sent to Jellalabad for interment.

The 20th of August had arrived before Pollock was enabled to leave Jellalabad. In this interval, Nott had marched with 7000 men upon Cabul and Ghuznee, which latter place was speedily retaken, after the complete discomfiture of the foe. Five days after Pollock's departure from Jellalabad, Akbar Khan hurried off his prisoners towards Turkistan, threatening to make presents of these unhappy people to the barbarous inhabitants of those little-known parts; but on the 3rd of September they halted at Bamean, where they were to remain till fresh orders were received from Akbar. On the 11th of the same month, five English officers undertook to give the native khan, to whose custody they were committed, 20,000 rupees, besides insuring him 1000 rupees per month, if he would undertake to procure them their liberty, and assist them in regaining their friends. The khan acquiesced, hoisted the flag of defiance, and appointed major Pottinger governor of the fort in which they were confined, while some of the neighbouring chieftains, aware that a powerful British army was drawing near, came in and swore allegiance to Pottinger upon the Koran.

General Pollock, with his forces, joined the troops under general Nott on the 15th of September, after having overcome considerable opposition which had been made to his march through the Jugdulluk pass and elsewhere; and on that memorable day they entered Cabul. Soon after, Nott despatched a party of Kuzilbashes, adherents of shah Soojah, to the aid of the prisoners, who had quitted their fort, intending to fight their way back to Cabul. At two o'clock in the morning of the 17th of September, these poor sufferers received the glorious and happy intelligence that succour

was nigh at hand. Sir R. Shakespear had despatched a horseman with a letter to say that he was advancing with 600 men to the rescue. The party resumed their march at an early hour, and at midday reached some deserted forts, which enabled them to shelter themselves for awhile from the fierce heat of the midday sun, and where, at three o'clock, sir R. Shakespear and his troops arrived. "Our gallant countryman," writes one of the prisoners, "was greeted on our side with no boisterous cheers of triumph. Our joy was too great, too overwhelming, for tongue to utter. That we should have escaped unhurt with so many delicate women, young children, and tender infants, through such numerous perils, fatigues and privations, and above all from the hands of such merciless enemies as Akbar Khan and his Ghilzee confederates, seemed at first too much for the senses to realise."

Under this secure escort, the now liberated prisoners marched off on the 18th, and on the 20th they were encountered by general Sale and his brigade, when such an affecting scene transpired as has rarely been rivalled in the annals of the world's history. The gallant old veteran here for the first time, after a long interval of suspense and misery, beheld his now recovered wife and daughter, the latter bent down by grief at the untimely end of her husband. On the 21st of September, at sunset, general Sale's brigade entered the encampment of general Pollock, amidst salvos of artillery, the loud congratulations of friends and connexions, and the loudest cheers that the lungs of hearty English soldiers could give utterance to.

After this happy event, victory attended the British standard wherever it appeared, and the Afghan war was, so to say, at an end. Captives had been restored, and by a series of skillfully-fought battles, the reputation of the British army had been retrieved. On the 1st of October the troops were withdrawn beyond the Sutlej, and soon after Dost Mahomed returned to Cabul.

## GOLOWIN'S BANISHMENT TO SIBERIA.

FROM THE GERMAN.

### CHAPTER II.

WHO can describe the surprise, the joy, and the concern the prisoners felt, when they recognised each other, in the manner indicated in the first chapter.

Golowin saw opposite to him his brother-in-law, Yermanoff, and his young friend Romanow. Neither of the three anticipated this meeting. Golowin had not the least suspicion of Yermanoff's and Romanow's arrest and banishment, and they knew nothing of his; for all three had been arrested and carried away in the same hour, though, as it afterwards appeared, on different accounts. Golowin with difficulty repressed a cry of joy, but he perceived in time his brother-in-law's significant wink, and restrained himself. Nevertheless, the Tartar officer, noticing our friend's movement, approached with a stern expression, muttering wrathful words, and threatening him with the rantshoe.\*

\* A species of torture.





THE EXILES IN THE PRESENCE OF THE GOVERNOR OF TOBOLSK.

At this station neither of them dared to speak a word, though their feelings of sympathy and curiosity pressed heavily on their hearts. At the break of day the driver and the Tartars were changed, and then they began to relate to each other their experiences on the way. Alas! they had little to communicate, and no hope was awakened thereby. His secret conversation with the officer pressed heavily on Golowin's heart. It was, however, a ray of hope for himself and friends. But his promise to that brave man closed his mouth with bitter lamentation.

At daybreak the sky was clear for the first time. The wide hilly country was more wooded, without any habitations; everything was covered with frozen snow, nearly four feet deep, over whose small irregularities, caused by the wind, the sledge rolled as if on a sheet of ice. As far as the eye

could reach nothing was visible but these snow-waves, terminated by the horizon of dark-grey clouds, which betokened more storm and snow. As sign-posts, tall poles are fixed about every mile, with the head-board of blackened wood, two feet across, and being placed in a tolerably even direction, somewhat resemble our telegraph posts. The whole formed a most comfortless, monotonous prospect, the picture of death—a frightful solitude—a true death's door—putting an insurmountable barrier in the way of any voluntary return from this dreadful, distant wilderness.

The guard-houses were now past. No more Russian military were to be seen; none are there, for none are needed. The Calmucks, Tungusians, and Tartars, who perform the guard and post service in this frightful desert, encamp in

wretched low huts, buried deep in the ground, of which the roofs alone are visible, covered thickly with snow. During the greater part of the year, these huts are more like underground holes than human dwellings, and a man may often be close to them and scarcely distinguish them, but for the thick noxious vapour issuing through the upper vent for smoke.

After two days more they reached the inhabited country. Along the side of a great river, similar huts are here and there placed. Woods appeared on the neighbouring and more distant hills; the dark green, which the pines do not lose in the severest winter, stood out strongly marked against the dazzling snow. In the evening, as the sledge glided along the top of a hill, our travellers beheld at its foot, the river thickly covered with ice, and a tolerably extensive town. The Tartar who conducted them boastfully exclaimed, as he pointed to it with his whip, "Tobolsk! see the great city."

Soon the sledge glided by a row of miserable huts; then a church was seen, some buildings round it, one story high, but spacious, and in European style. The vehicle stopped before the largest of them.

Numerous servants, wrapped in thick fur coats, whose oblique narrow eyes, yellow colour, short stunted stature, round faces, flattened noses, and puckered lips, quickly betrayed their Asiatic Tartar origin, issued inquisitively from the great door. The militray leader of the prisoners gave the paper to one of these, who at once took it into the house, and beckoned our friends to get out and follow him. The passers-by conversed about the arrivals with many jests, to which the slaves replied aloud and laughed. "The reception," thought Golowin, "awakens little hope for the future."

An extensive low ante-room received the party. It was only lighted by small double windows. There stood a large stove, which was brightly burning. The poor prisoners were allowed to enjoy its comfortable heat, though the servants crowded round, staring at them with the same thoughtless curiosity as if they were wild beasts in a menagerie.

About half an hour passed. Golowin and his fellow-sufferers discovered, from the conversation that was carried on, that the governor was at table, and would send for them when his repast was over. At last the expected moment arrived, and with beating hearts the three prisoners followed the servant sent to fetch them.

They passed through a second ante-room, which was brilliantly lighted, into another, where several writers were at work, and which, for the sake of warmth, was further in than the other apartments. The prisoners then perceived through an open door, an apartment handsomely furnished with oriental couches, wherein some officers, civil functionaries, and three Russian divines, sat at table, passing round the bottle. At the head of the table sat a man in a Russian general's uniform, with a silver tea-urn before him. This was the governor. As soon as our friends looked at him, he gave them a sign to approach.

Golowin obeyed, and bowed to him with the manners of a man of good society. The prisoners' appearance seemed to produce a favourable im-

pression on the official. He inspected them a few moments, then nodded to those at table, and said, "Your permits are of such a description that I grant you all the attention men in your situation can expect. But I have high duties to fulfil to our empress, and therefore cannot prevent your further transport into the interior. Which of you is called Golowin?"

"I am, your Excellence," said the above named, stepping nearer.

"What was your business in Moscow?"

"I was a merchant."

"And your crime?"

"It is unknown to me, your Excellence," said Golowin, in a firm, manly voice.

"You seem to be a brave fellow," said the governor, laughing; "but recollect that your present confession can have no influence on your future condition. I merely ask from curiosity, and it will not be a hair better or worse for you, whether you speak lies or truth. From this place there is no return, my son. Your fate is now decided, and you can never escape it."

"That is a comfortless declaration to a husband, father, and faithful subject, who has never violated his duties to his sovereign or her ministers, your Excellence," said Golowin.

"At any rate, be wise, and tell me of what you are accused. The degree of your uprightness may point out the measure of my forbearance towards you," said the governor.

"Alas! your Excellence, it would be wrong and imprudent in me to refuse or despise your kindness by further trial. I perfectly comprehend my situation, but know not why I was arrested and transported hither. I and my friends were, in the same night, at the same hour, taken prisoners on different accounts, transported through the interior of the kingdom, and first met together a hundred miles from here, when my fellow-prisoner, a man of whom I know nothing but the name, fell sick by the way."

"Where does he remain?"

"In Tjumen, your Excellence. From thence I was conveyed hither on the same sledge with my friends. We first recognised one another at dawn, and bore our sorrows more easily together, your Excellence."

"Strange," said the governor, looking incredulously at his companions. He then turned to Yermanoff and Romanow, saying, "Now, can you tell me something more particular concerning the cause of your banishment?"

Yermanoff mentioned his relationship to Golowin, described his intimacy with Romanow, and said he knew nothing more than his brother-in-law.

"Either you are regular crafty knaves," said the governor, rather passionately, "or it has gone hard with you. Government should be cautious in these evil times, for the sub-agents are often unwise or over-hasty in fulfilling their duty, and act with unmeasured severity. This results when subjects are ungodly, and rise up against the divinely-appointed government. It easily happens that the innocent suffer with the guilty. If you are among the former, I pity your fate."

The prisoners were silent with terror. The tender Romanow, who had left behind in Moscow

an aged mother, whose only support he was, and a betrothed bride, shed tears of grief.

The governor was silent. He then continued his questions, without referring to the personal circumstances of the prisoners. Golowin informed him of the particulars and end of the Pugatschew revolution, which had occurred in Moscow and St. Petersburg. Men who live so many hundred miles apart from the great world, like the governor and the few cultivated persons by whom he was surrounded, think every fresh transport of exiles a welcome opportunity for informing themselves of public matters. This was as agreeable to him as the position of ignorance concerning their own fate was disagreeable to our friends. They knew that it was in the governor's power to appoint their residence where he liked; and they had as great a dread of being sent to a frightfully distant desert, as a hope of being finally taken to some place where they could see human beings, and not be quite cut off from the world.

At last the curiosity of the higher officials was satisfied. Golowin took advantage of the favourable moment offered him, to press his petition for himself and friends.

But he saw his hopes destroyed with bitter grief. "What are you thinking of, fellow?" said the general, harshly. "Do you suppose I am going to waste my time on such fruitless matters? How does this affair concern me? It is my duty to dispose of you within my province, and I shall fulfil it."

"Pardon, your Excellence; my sad situation made me forget the consideration and reverence which—"

"Enough, forget it no more," said the governor, sternly; and then added, more mildly, "I must act according to my instructions; but as I see you are educated men, I will take care that you experience my good intentions. You shall be transported to one of the milder districts, and not be parted from each other. You shall receive knives, hatchets, shovels, and other implements, which will enable you to find sustenance and self-protection. If you want money, I will furnish you; but that means of traffic is unknown and useless where you will be sent. I will also take care that some persons visit you whose condition and assistance will be useful and agreeable. Respect these marks of my care by suitable behaviour in the place of your destination."

Golowin approached the governor, kissed his hand, and then received a hint to retire with his companions, whom the general honoured with no further speech.

Thus ended a conversation, from which our friends had hoped so much. A new uncertainty swept like a dark threatening cloud over them. In a sadder and almost hopeless state of mind they departed from the house, entered the sledge, and were on the point of starting, when a servant threw them a packet with the charge not to lose it.

The journey was resumed. The sledge rolled out of Tobolsk down to the river, over its hard frozen surface, to a dark wood, through which a wide road was formed.

Curious to know what the small light packet might contain, they opened it. They found nothing but materials for work: needles, scissors,

twine, tinder-box, etc., of various kinds, and in sufficient quantity; also some balls made of brass with small pipes, which are there generally used for lamps. It was a small present, but an invaluable one to men in their situation. They gratefully acknowledged the benevolent intention of the giver.

#### REMINISCENCES OF BERNARD BARTON.

AMONG the first verses which I ever committed to memory, were some of the shorter compositions of the Quaker poet! My dear mother, who was a native of Suffolk, and had passed a part of her youth in Woodbridge, knew many of them by heart, and taught them to her children. The charming little piece, entitled, "The Ivy," remains yet in my memory, where it had dwelt for twenty-five years, or thereabouts, before I had beheld its author, of whom, if I had any idea at all, it was an idea of some very ancient personage.

Between nine and ten years ago, in returning from business to my own house to dinner, I was informed that Bernard Barton was in the parlour, and on entering, I saw for the first time the bard, whose verses I had prattled as a child, seated at my own fireside. My huge black cat, "Stalker," who, I may remark, was an excellent judge of human nature, had already found him out, and got possession of his knee, where he was purring at a furious rate. The poet held out his hand, and, with a ready allusion to Mahomet and his cloak, apologized for not rising from his seat. I was surprised to see so young-looking a man for one whose reputation was so old; for though some sixty years of age, age seemed as yet to have had nothing to do with him, or likely to interfere with his enjoyments for some time to come. I say enjoyments, for the whole being of the man seemed an impersonation of kindness and cheerfulness, which overflowed from every feature; and while proclaiming the geniality of his own spirit, kindled a similar spirit in others. In person, Mr. Barton was not above the middle size—of a rather yeoman-like stoutness, and bearing a noble head upon a pair of ample shoulders. A spacious forehead, rather wide than high—a pair of small but vivid eyes, which would have been dark, but that they were ever twinkling, sparkling, or flashing with light—a well-shaped nose not describable by any of the stereotyped terms—a characteristic mouth, with lips slightly parted and ready for a smile, the lower one round and full and plainly indicative of an appreciation, innocent enough, of the good things of this life, and a healthy brown complexion; such is a portrait of the man as I knew him a few years before his death.

Of his social and domestic habits I had soon an opportunity of judging. He was fond of society—I mean the society of a friendly circle—and was well qualified to shine in it. Around the evening fireside he told the pleasantest stories in the pleasantest manner, and possessed an apparently inexhaustible fund of anecdotes, upon which he could draw at any moment for purposes of illustration. The peculiar use he made of these stories constituted their main charm; they were never forced upon you, after the manner of some story-tellers, as a conjurer forces a card, but flowed forth natu-

rally into whatever channel the conversation happened to run in, and aided, instead, as is too often the case, of hindering its flow. That they were always selected with perfect good taste, and void of the slightest possibility of offence on that score, it is hardly necessary to say. One night, when the subject under remark was literature and literary men, the name of Charles Lamb was mentioned. "Poor Charles," he said, "I often recall to mind my first interview with him. I went to seek him, with a friend who was to introduce me, to the India House. Lamb, as you know, was a very little fellow, and the desks of that immense establishment, like everything else belonging to it, were on the grand scale. Elia couldn't have reached them in the ordinary course of things; so there he sat perched upon a lofty stool, to the summit of which he had to ascend by a series of steps coiled round its sides. My friend mentioned my name as we entered the room; but Lamb would not be introduced to me from an eminence, preferring, as he afterwards said, to have things on a fair footing. He did not, at first, reply to my friend's salutation; but immediately, though not without the show of considerable caution, commenced a descent, which he had to accomplish backwards. As this was a ceremony which involved the presenting of his coat-tail to the four points of the compass, and consequently occupied some time, he probably deemed an apology necessary, and he bawled out as he veered slowly round, 'Excuse my tergiversation, Mr. Barton; I shall revolve upon you soon.' And so he did, and we all went away together to his house, and a delightful evening we had."

Sometimes Mr. Barton would amuse us with comical complaints of the inconvenience of being a personage of such tremendous reputation as he was; he told, in an assumed grievous vein, how he had narrowly escaped identification as a stage-player in Paris. A party of English actors, it appeared, had been performing there, and one of them being announced as Mr. Barton, the audience had clamoured to know whether it was the Quaker poet who attitudinized before them in white ducks and shako, long sword and epaulets! Again, an admiring ship-owner on the Suffolk coast, out of regard to the Suffolk bard, had, with the usual ceremony, named a new vessel "The Bernard Barton." This was a compliment which afforded him much satisfaction, and he confessed to some gratification at the thought of traversing the waves by deputy, and getting a reputation on the high seas. But taking up a newspaper, and happening to cast his eye on the list of shipping arrived out, he saw his marine representative gazetted as "The Barney Burton!" "There's fame for you!" he added, with a look of comical self-condolence, which it was impossible to resist.

I might recount many such traits of simple and genuine humour, were it not that by so doing I should be in danger of communicating a wrong impression of the man. Though constantly cheerful, and often, in moments of sociality, hilarious, yet were his native wit and humour rather the fringe and ornament than the substance of his conversation. Good sense and a manly wholesome philosophy lay beneath such graces of discourse, and ever rose to the surface when occasion de-

manded. His criticisms upon the poets of his day were lucid, striking, and just; and if any fault could be found with them, it was that they were couched in terms over-indulgent. Never was a man more free from envy or jealousy. He loved all the poets with a poet's love, and seemed to have the finest passages of each by heart. In fact, his memory in this, as in other respects, struck me as something astounding. He was in the habit, occasionally, of reciting in his clear, sustained, and sonorous voice, long extracts as well of prose as of verse, in justification of his commendatory criticisms; and while such readings were, generally, impressive from their pathos and dignity, they were often new to his hearers, being, many of them, the unpublished compositions of men or women of genius. A favourite topic of conversation with him, and one which evinced his liberal and unselfish character, was the unknown poets of the time, and of all times. It evidently pained him that many who had sung such noble songs should lose their meed of praise; and nothing would have given him greater pleasure than to crown them himself with the laurel. More than once have I seen him take a manuscript from his pocket, while talking on this subject; he would then read the poem as comparatively few men could have read it, and appeal to his hearers against the oblivion or the undeserved neglect to which its author had devoted himself by his anonymousness, or been doomed by the forgetfulness of mankind. "Were I an enterprising publisher," he once said to me, "I would collect and give to the world a big volume of anonymous anthology which should make the modern bards ashamed of their renown."

When, in 1845, Mr. Barton came to London to dine, by invitation, with sir Robert Peel, at Whitehall, I had the pleasure of his company on the day previous to the dinner. The visit to the renowned statesman caused some little perturbation in the mind of the poet; but, as he afterwards said, it all vanished the moment sir Robert took him by the hand at the head of the stairs, and introduced him to his old friend Professor Airey, whom he thus met again after a separation of long years. He returned from this visit highly delighted, and dwelt upon it afterwards with increasing satisfaction. At that time a paragraph was going the round of the papers to the effect that sir Robert Peel confined himself to a diet of cold mutton and water, as a safeguard against dyspepsia. Upon my asking him if the report were true, "No," said he, "prime ministers don't control the affairs of kingdoms upon cold mutton. I can assure you sir Robert Peel eats like a gentleman, and with an appetite worthy of him—fish, flesh, and fowl, and kickshaws too—and drinks in a concatenation accordingly." He saw the premier again during his stay in town, and made the round of his picture-gallery at the mansion at Whitehall. Without being a first-rate judge or connoisseur, the poet had an enthusiasm for pictures, and possessed a small collection of his own; the Peel gallery was to him a real treat—the Hobbimas especially, and the Chapeau de Paille of Rubens, haunted his imagination long after. He had congratulated the great statesman upon the possession of these triumphs of art; and sir Robert, he told us, had assured him he himself prized them far above any



mere pecuniary estimate; adding that he often found relief in the contemplation of their quiet beauties from the anxieties of office, and the badgering of his political opponents.

In the following year sir Robert, before retiring from office, bestowed upon the Quaker poet a pension of a hundred pounds a-year; a graceful act, and one which, so far as it is possible to judge, met with unusual approbation, with one solitary exception, that of some over-scrupulous "friend," who probably entertained a fear that the independence of that respectable body was compromised by the bard's reception of such a gift. He accordingly assaulted the pensioner in a copy of verses, not remarkable either for their harmony or their logic, and received in his turn a neat quietus in a witty repartee which set the matter at rest.

I am no believer in the art of chirography, or the pretensions of its professors; yet it has struck me that there was something in the hand-writing of Barton more than fancifully indicative of his character. If there be such a thing as a playful, cheerful hand-writing, it was his. In some of his letters lying before me, I notice that the characters, though large and distinct, have rolled with rapidity from the pen, running with an undulating dance along the lines, and the words joining hands, as it were, like a band of merry children footing it on the greensward. More than those of any man that I know of, Barton's letters are like his talk; and I question if he ever wrote one of the many thousands he must have written, which did not impart pleasure or (on occasions of sorrow) healing to the recipient. The charm of naturalness which pervades them all, is owing to the fact that he never sought to shine in his correspondence, but wrote just as unrestrainedly as he would have spoken; his letters, therefore, are the truest transcripts that remain to us of his every-day life and ever-green fancy.\* But many of them are more than this.

\* I may be allowed in a note to give a sample of Barton's conversational correspondence. The following is addressed to the Rev. G. Crabbe.

"9 mo. 1, 1845.

"Many years ago I wrote some verses for a child's annual, to accompany a print of Doddridge's mother, teaching him bible history from the Dutch tiles round their fire-place. I had clean forgotten both the print and my verses; but some one has sent me a child's penny cotton handkerchief, on which I find a transcript of that identical print, and four of my stanzas printed under it. This handkerchief celebrity tickles me somewhat. Talk of fame! is not this a fame which comes home, not only to 'men's business and bosoms,' but to children's noses into the bargain? Tom Churchyard calls it an indignity, an insult, looks scorn at it, and says he would cuff any urchin whom he caught blowing his nose on one of his sketches! All this arises from his not knowing the complicated nature and texture of all worldly fame. 'Tis like the image the Babylonish king dreamt of with its golden head, baser metal lower down, and miry clay for the feet. It will not do to be fastidious; you must take the idol as it is; its gold soot, if you can get it; if not, take the clay foot, or one toe of another foot, and be thankful, and make what you can of it. I write verses to be read! it is a matter of comparative indifference to me whether I am read from a fine bound book, on a drawing-room table, or spelt over from a penny rag of a kerchief by the child of a peasant or a weaver. So, honour to the cotton printer, say I, whoever he be; that bit of rag is my patent as a household poet."

The following is from an unpublished letter lying before me:—

"Woodbridge, 8 mo. 24, 1845.

"Many thanks for thine received this morning. The same post brought me one from the junior Virtue, my publisher's son, telling me his father was off by mail for Liverpool a few hours before my letter to him reached town, to take his passage by the 'Great Western' for New York—and a set of the stereotype plates of my book with him;—so nothing is left but to wish him good luck. The same ship takes out deputation,

In a posthumous volume of selections from his works, prefaced by a discriminating and kindly biography, will be found a series of letters and extracts from letters addressed to Mrs. Sutton, with whom he kept up a correspondence for thirty years, without ever seeing her. Some of them, which are upon religious subjects, while they illustrate the truth of the literary maxim, that poets write the best prose, exhibit their author in a light in which, with intuitive good taste, he would have shrunk from exhibiting himself. They reveal the inner life of the man, and show us how deeply and how justly he had thought and pondered, and investigated for himself, the grounds of his religious faith—how earnest and well founded was his adhesion to it, and how well qualified he was to render a reason for the hope that was in him. But in all things he was the reverse of a sectarian, as his biographer tells us he would attend the church or the chapel if the meeting was not at hand, and once assisted in raising money to build a new established church at Woodbridge. He was no stickler for forms—wearing the "friend's" costume in a somewhat modified fashion, and dropping the *thee* and *thou* in his intercourse with general society.

I had set down Bernard Barton in my own mind as a prospective octogenarian, or something approaching to that. Perhaps I was deceived by his characteristic vivacity, his generally healthy appearance, improved by the temporary excitement of his trips to London, and his really juvenile sensitiveness to everything beautiful and enjoyable. I was almost as much surprised as grieved, when, not four years after my first interview with him, I heard of his severe illness, and, shortly after his almost sudden decease. In the article of death I can but consider him as happy above the common lot. Though aware of the change awaiting him, and preparing for it, he knew not how near or how distant it might be. The dark cloud never overshadowed his spirit; he retained his habitual cheerfulness to the last; and when at length the final struggle came, it came unheralded by mortal alarms—was but brief and momentary—and then "that warm heart was still for ever."

One word on the poetry of Bernard Barton. That it is not of the highest class his warmest admirers will readily admit; the quaker poet never dreamed of claiming for his compositions such praise. He had neither the leisure nor the inclination to elaborate and polish his verses; but, writing in a fluent and natural style, gave expression to good and felicitous thoughts in graceful diction, blended with imagery often as felicitous. The great majority of his poems are of a domestic and religious cast, and it may be for this latter reason especially that they have sometimes obtained but cool commendation from the critical archons of the press. But, in fact, Barton obtained the reputation he sought, and perhaps something more. There is, and always will be, a class of readers with whom his works will meet a warm welcome, embodying, as most of them do, thoughts and feelings, fancies and recollections in-

gone to make peace in some of our churches abroad; so let us hope that with such a freight of gospel love, a publisher on board whose name has virtue in it, and the stereotype plates of, I trust, a not unvirtuous book, the ship may be more prosperous than if she had so many Jonases on board."

separable from the circumstances of their daily life. Many of his pieces are marked by a degree of classic elegance which won the praise of the best judges of his day; and nearly all he wrote are indicative of his reverence for the beautiful and the good—his regard for man's welfare or his Maker's honour. Let me be allowed to close this paper by quoting from memory a portion of that poem on "The Ivy" which I have already mentioned:—

"Hast thou seen in winter's stormiest day  
The trunk of a blighted oak,  
Not dead, but sinking in slow decay,  
'Neath time's resistless stroke,  
Round which a luxuriant ivy had grown  
And wreath'd it with verdure no longer its own?

Perchance thou hast seen this sight, and then,  
As I, at thy years, might do,  
Pass'd carelessly by, nor turned again  
That scathed wreck to view:  
But now I can draw from that mouldering tree  
Thoughts which are soothing and dear to me.

O smile not! nor think it a worthless thing,  
If it be with instruction fraught;  
That which will closest and longest cling  
Is alone worth a serious thought!  
Should ought be unlovely which thus can shed  
Grace on the dying and bloom on the dead?

Now, in thy youth, beseech of Him  
Who giveth, upbraiding not,  
That his light in thy heart become not dim,  
And his love be unforget;  
And thy God, in the darkest of days, will be  
Greenness, and beauty, and strength to thee."

#### A STRANGE TRAFFIC.

In his "Evenings with the Romanists,"\* an excellent companion volume to that deservedly popular work, "Evenings with the Jesuits," the Rev. Hobart Seymour records an extraordinary instance of that traffic in masses and indulgences for which the Church of Rome is so notorious. He was himself an eye-witness of what he describes.

"There are," he says, "certain altars, called 'privileged altars,' in the churches of Rome; the special privilege of which is, that a single mass said at such altar is adequate to release from purgatory suffering the soul for which it is offered. I witnessed personally the sale of this privileged mass to a large number of persons in the church or Basilica of Santa Croce di Gerusalemme in Rome. Each person stated the name of the friend supposed to be suffering in purgatory, paid four pails, about one shilling and eightpence, and received an acknowledgment in writing! I witnessed again the same process at the feast of the Assumption at Varallo in 1851. I had visited the Sacro Monte there to witness the pilgrimages to the shrine of the Virgin. The high altar of the principal church possesses the privilege already alluded to. And near it was a *bureau* or office; with a notice publicly setting forth to the multi-

tude of pilgrims, that it was there they received the payments for the privileged masses, for the relief of the souls in purgatory. The pilgrims were entering, paying their money, giving the names of their departed friends, receiving an acknowledgment, and then withdrawing. I entered myself; I stated my wish to release the soul of a departed friend. The official bowed courteously, and opening a large account-book, asked me my name.

"I gave him my name.

"He entered it in this account-book, but spelled it, as most Italians do with an English name, so that I could not myself recognise it. We both smiled, and he apologised on account of the difficulty of writing a foreign name.

"I asked him how much I was to pay for the release of my friend.

"He replied, 'Two francs Milanese and seven cents.'

"I gave him a five-franc piece and received the change, by which it appeared he retained about one shilling and eightpence.

"He then asked the name of my friend in purgatory whose soul was to be released.

"I felt that this was the moment for demonstrating the absurdity and knavery of this system. I thought that the best way of doing this was to give the name of some one who was certainly not then in purgatory. I gave my own name.

"He immediately handed me a book—the book of the names of all souls to be released by the privileged mass, and which book is deposited on the altar, so as that when the priest says the privileged mass, he may name audibly or mentally the names of those to be released. In this book there were entered on the same page about twenty names already. On handing this book to me he smiled courteously, and apologising for giving me the trouble of writing the name, requested that I would myself write it, lest he should make any mistake. I wrote my own name at full length!

"He again bowed most courteously, apparently intimating that all was completed for the present. But, remembering that I saw others getting receipts, I asked for one.

"On filling the blanks in the receipt-form, he asked whether I would not like a *Blessing* for my friend's soul, as well as the *Mass*.

"I replied, with many thanks, that as the privileged mass was sure to release his soul from purgatory, he would not want the blessing.

"He smiled, completed the receipt—signed it—and I withdrew.

"Such was the scene in which I personally took part. The following is a copy of the receipt:—

"1851. Sept. 8th. The Sacred Mount.

"I, the undersigned, agent of the venerable fabric of the Sacred Mount of Varallo, have received from Mr. Hobart Seymour, the charity of one shilling and eightpence for one mass to be celebrated at the perpetually privileged daily altar of the most blessed Virgin Mary in Varallo.

"In witness.

"AGNO BERTOLI."

"When a system like this is openly and publicly taught, and believed, and practised, by the priesthood on one hand and by the people on the other—

\* London: Seeleys, Fleet Street and Hanover Street. 1854.

a system by which either murderer or victim may be released from the sufferings of another world by a small sum in this—where a system like this prevails among the population of any country, it ceases to be a matter of surprise that crime should abound in all its most dark and terrible features. The wonder would be if it should be otherwise."

In the chapter from which the preceding painful incident is taken, Mr. Seymour has gone into an elaborate investigation of the fearfully demoralizing results of the state of things thus disclosed, in the countries under the influence of the papacy. A most striking contrast is drawn between the amount of crime perpetrated in Protestant and Roman Catholic lands respectively, and especially in respect to that darkest development of human depravity—murder. An awful preponderance of guilt in this particular is established against the communities over whom the Pope exercises his sway. The following are some of the terrific statistics which are presented on this subject:—

"The yearly average of murders in all Italy—in that land where the church of Rome is supreme, and without a rival—is 1968, so that every year there are left murdered in cold blood more men and women and children than often fall in our most blood-stained battle-fields. And this in the land of convents and nunneries and confessionals—in the land where, of all else on the wide surface of God's creation, we might expect the full and happy development of all the restraints which the church of Rome imposes upon crime—in the land where priests and monks and nuns exceed an hundred and twenty thousand! Mr. Whiteside informs us that at Assisi there are 12 convents; at Foligno, 12 for monks and 8 for nuns; at Spoleto, 22; at Terni, 5; at Narni, 7 for monks and 5 for nuns. It appears, too, that at Perugia there are 34, while in Rome there are 64 for monks and 50 for nuns! And yet it is in this very district that the murders amount to 113 to the million of the population! while in Naples and Sicily, there are, or rather were, a few years ago, 16,455 monks and 13,000 nuns, the largest number in any country in the world, and there there is also the largest proportion of crime to be found in any one country on the whole surface of God's creation!

"The following are the results in all the several Roman Catholic countries, as contrasted with Protestant England.

" Roman Catholic Ireland	-	-	19 to the million.
" " Belgium	-	-	18 " "
" " France	-	-	31 " "
" " Austria	-	-	36 " "
" " Bavaria	-	-	68 " "
" " Sardinia	-	-	20 " "
" " Lombardy	-	-	45 " "
" " Tuscany	-	-	56 " "
The Papal States	-	-	113 " "
Roman Catholic Sicily	-	-	90 " "
" " Naples	-	-	174 " "
PROTESTANT ENGLAND	-	-	4 " "

"I ask—are not these figures eloquent?

"One thing at least is certain, as derived from these figures, official and governmental as they are,

namely, that convents and nunneries, and confessionals, and all such institutions of Romanism have failed, in those countries, where they have been tried under the circumstances most favourable for their development—have failed wretchedly and signally. And the argument, that we ought to introduce into this country the institutions of Romanism even in a modified form, as more efficient in repressing crime, than the principles and motives of Protestant Christianity, is not only answered, but ANNihilated."

Surely there is something in this solemn charge, sustained by these appalling and well-authenticated statistics, that demands and deserves the serious consideration of every Romanist. We conclude these extracts with a passage which brings out other aspects of disparity between the two systems, of great importance, as showing the different feelings with which the crime of murder is regarded by their respective adherents.

"Both Romanism and Protestantism are agreed as to the deep, black, awful sinfulness of the murderer. They are in accord as far as the murderer himself is concerned, as to his conscience, as to his soul, as to his eternal destiny, if he die unrepentant. They may differ, indeed, as to the mode of getting rid of his guilt, but they are in accord so far as the murderer himself is concerned, while they are as wide as the poles respecting the murdered victim.

"This difference is wide and important in its results. That which gives a double-dyed guilt and shivering horror to the crime of murder in the eyes of a Protestant is, that it is suddenly sending an immortal being unbidden before his final Judge; unprepared, and perhaps unthinking, before the last judgment, then and there, 'with all his imperfections on his head,' to receive his eternal destinies. There is no change in the grave; as he lived and died, so he rises and is judged. It is this that gives such unspeakable awe to this crime, and makes a good man shudder at its very name. But in the church of Rome all this feeling, so cogent in restraining this crime, is annihilated. In her it is held, that the moral condition of a man may undergo a change in the grave—that he may be purified and bettered in his after state by purgatorial sufferings; and that after a time he may even stand spotless and blameless before his Judge. In connection with this doctrine it is held that the friends of the dead can relieve his sufferings, and secure his release, by getting masses said for his soul. And these masses are to be bought and sold as any other merchandise in the market. The result is, that the murderer looks on his bleeding victim, as he lies stark and ghastly, and he comforts himself with the thought that the surviving friends of the victim have it in their power to save him, by having masses offered for his soul; and that if they indeed fail—if they withhold the money from the priest, he himself has but to pay a trifling sum for the required number of masses; and he thus relieves himself—he disburdens his conscience of all that which gives the highest awe, the darkest and dreariest colour, to this crime in the eyes of a Protestant Christian."

## Varieties.

THE AURORA BOREALIS IN THE NORTH.—Of all the northern lights which I have ever seen at Berezov, the most splendid is the aurora borealis: it occurs so frequently as to be deemed an ordinary phenomenon, and we saw it several times during the autumn. It commonly commences with a red glare on one spot of the sky, gradually extending more or less over the horizon, and encompassing it with its radiance. Frequently the light is distinctly seen moving in different directions, sometimes slowly, while its form and outline constantly change. But of all the auroras I ever saw, none can compare with one I witnessed on the 9th of September, 1840, of which I will attempt a feeble description.

At ten o'clock at night, a loud crackling noise was heard in the air, as though coming from a distance. The Berezovians were not slow in divining what this uproar in the atmosphere betokened; but almost before they could rush to the windows, the whole of the environs were enveloped in one blaze of illumination. Called by our landlord, we hurried into the courtyard to contemplate the phenomenon, and were enraptured at what we saw; but to describe the spectacle is beyond the power of my feeble pen. The night was frosty and clear. Every object around, the earth, the forest, and the town, were white with snow, Berezov was no longer a miserable collection of huts, but, radiant with lights, reflected by its covering of snow, looked like a world of enchantment. The different parts of the strange scenery seemed to form but a single grand and stately structure—a structure with walls of flame, surmounted by a cone-like cupola of fire, which towered over our heads. The light was neither red nor lurid, but beamed with mild, soft, indescribable lustre, unlike any thing that can be imagined.

The entire fabric, as it seemed, gradually threw off the cupola, and assumed the form of a sugar-loaf. It was narrow at its base, but the summit or apex of this cone rose to such an immense height as to baffle the vision. It appeared as though it even penetrated the vault of heaven, and at that hour of extraordinary solemnity, permitted mortals, though but for a moment, to catch from their earthly vale a glimpse of that mysterious region inaccessible but to the spirits of the blessed.

The walls of the wondrous cone were formed by light floating clouds of silvery brightness, which curling upward like volumes of thin smoke, spread their luminous rays in every direction. These clouds rose like vapours from the base, as if they were engendered in the earth, and rolled rapidly up to the summit, where, after covering the apex, they vanished as quickly as they ascended. Their disappearance, however, did not in the slightest degree interrupt or diminish the splendour of the spectacle, and fresh volumes of cloud continued to roll up in all kinds of fantastic shapes and with the same brilliant effects.

These floating walls completely blocked out the sky, so that nothing could be seen of the blue vault of heaven or the countless stars. The eye could only behold the wonderful evolutions of masses of light, set in motion by an invisible hand, while the ear was enchained by majestic strains of harmony with which the whole atmosphere resounded.

The aurora was undiminished in splendour for several hours, but afterwards its motions were less rapid, the coruscations of light faded gradually away, and at two o'clock all had vanished. The stars, which up to that time had been obscured, or only partially visible, appeared in all their former glory; the moon shone brightly as it sailed over its clear azure path, and everything resumed its usual aspect.

Wishing to ascertain what the Berezovians, who have not the slightest knowledge of natural philosophy, thought of the aurora, I made inquiries with this view. The explanation I obtained from the wisest among them was, that the waves of the Arctic ocean, reflecting the light of the moon, threw back a radiance on the sky, whence arose all the effects of the aurora.—*Revelations of Siberia, by a Banished Lady.*

HINTS TO MOTHERS.—If you teach your children obedience, you are training them up in the way wherein they ought to go. God is our Father, and it is his will that we should obey him; what he forbids, he takes from us; what he commands, he expects us to do; what he wishes us to have, he gives us: and as we are to him, so it is his will that it should be between earthly parent and child. It has been well said, "Let 'No' be as a wall of brass against which your child may try his strength half-a-dozen times, but which he shall soon come to know can never be shaken." Firmness like this will not produce fear, it will only produce respect, for none see and judge so quickly the inconsistency of parents as children themselves—and it will always be found that the more firmness and truthfulness shown in training, the more love, confidence, and respect will be excited in those who are thus trained. A little girl of five years old was one evening very rude and noisy when visiting with her mother at a neighbour's house. The mother said, "Sarah, you must not do so." The child soon forgot, and went on with her bad behaviour. The mother said, "Sarah, if you do so again, I will punish you." But, not long after, Sarah "did so again." When the time for going home arrived, the child began to think of the punishment which awaited her, with great sorrow. A woman beside her said, to quiet her, "Never mind, I will ask your mother not to punish you." "Oh," said Sarah, "that will do no good; my mother never tells lies." The writer of the anecdote adds, "I learned a lesson from the reply of that child, which I shall never forget. It is worth everything in the training of a child, to make it feel that its mother never tells lies." We would especially press upon maternal attention this point of firmness, for too often obedience is given to the fathers only, and is produced by fear, not love. It is painful to watch the children of a cottage home—wild and unruly with the poor oppressed mother, whose only refuge is, "I'll tell your father on ye." The moment he comes in, all uproar ceases—an angry look and a raised hand sends them silent and shrinking into the corners of the room, longing for the happy moment when he is off to his work again. Thus the father is made a bugbear, and is looked upon by the children as their enemy. A little authority exerted by the mother from the beginning would prevent this great evil, save herself much time, trouble, and distress, and make a far happier home by allowing the father to have some peace and enjoyment with his children, instead of being perpetually at war with them.

To watch with and for your children against what are called "little sins," is one of the most important parts of training. Many a son has died on the gallows or wasted his life in the hulks, many a daughter has fallen into the ways of shame and bitter misery, because in their cottage homes they were not taught to dread the beginnings of evil. Beware of the first sip of the father's dram—the first lie—the first piece of sugar stealthily got from the press, when mother was out or did not see—the first blow given to a brother or sister or companion; for what may be the end of all these things?—drunkenness, deceit, robbery, and murder. Mothers! it is an awful thought, but turn not away from it—let it rather urge you on to watch over these precious little ones, lest they one day become an evil and a terror to themselves and others, like many who were once as fair and loving and merry as they.—*Sunbeams in the Cottage, or What Women may do, by Margaret Maria Brewster*—a work full of useful counsels to the lower orders.

A GRACEFUL COMPLIMENT.—It was a judicious resolution of a father, when, being asked what he intended to do with his girls, he replied, "I intend to apprentice them all to their excellent mother, that they may learn the art of improving time, and be fitted to become, like her, wives, mothers, and heads of families, and useful members of society."

MAGNA CHARTA.—It is stated as a fact that sir Robert Cotton rescued the original Magna Charta from the hands of a tailor, who was on the point of cutting it up for measures.